whiskey

by dirtysope, wispyoongi

Summary

When Jungkook is outed to his baseball team and his family, he loses everything. Jieun finds him when he’s at his most vulnerable and introduces him to the world of BDSM.

Sometimes, no matter how hard you try, you just can't be something you're not.

Notes

written for @MaireRuadh & @infinitesoleil
(12,384 words)

⚠ CONTENT WARNING ⚠

for: homophobia, homophobic parents, trauma involving homophobia, abandonment, abusive relationships, abusive dom/sub relationships, emotional manipulation, conditioning.
*none of this occurs between vminkook! jungkook has a healthy relationship with vmin*
if you have any questions about any of these things, DM me @dirtysope
It sounds ridiculous, but Jungkook truly did accidentally stumble into the sugar baby lifestyle.

The whole idea of it is still slightly foreign — and mostly unsettling — but it is what it is.

He hasn’t been in Seoul very long; he grew up in Busan, by the water. He still misses it sometimes, the sounds of the sea and the smell of his old home.

Since moving away, somehow his life has become more complicated and more simple than ever before.

For as long as he can remember, he lived and breathed baseball.

He started out when he was just a kid; his father discovered he had a knack for pitching, and from there it just become his... everything. Studies were viewed as less important, and things like training and practice were elevated as the top priority. He didn’t have a good arm, he had a great one... something that could take him not only through college but to the Major Leagues. Playing for the Giants would be a dream come true.

At least, that’s what his father always said, day in and day out.
Jungkook liked baseball, but he didn’t love it. He didn’t have the same passion that he knew his teammates had growing up.

He had heard so many of his friends tell him countless times how they wished they had a throwing arm like him, and each time Jungkook would just laugh it off, because he didn’t know how to tell them that he wished he had their passionate heart.

Because baseball was something that required extreme dedication; every morning he woke up earlier than his peers, hitting the track for a 5k run, and that wasn’t even close to the end of it.

He had to hit the gym, sometimes even twice a day, to build up his body and muscle mass. At least Jungkook did enjoy working out, so that part wasn’t as rough as people might assume it to be.

But that didn’t even account for practice time.

Throughout high school he spent countless hours on the diamond, pitching the ball as fast as he could, perfecting his technique so he could get scouted by the right university.

And he did.

He’ll never forget that day, when he received his first scholarship offers in the mail, and his father said he was proud of Jungkook.

That was the first time his father ever made him feel like he was proud to have Jungkook as his son.

He selected the school that his father wanted him to attend in Seoul, and he left everyone and everything he knew behind to chase the dreams of his father, because that was what was expected of him. Everyone always told him how lucky he was, that he had such natural talent, that he would accomplish great things.

For a long time Jungkook was convinced that baseball was the only thing he’d ever be good at. There was never any discussion of what he would do outside of baseball, because playing the sport was his only option that led to a path towards a greater future.
And even if Jungkook didn’t love the game the way he knew that he should, so much of his self esteem and self worth had been wrapped up in baseball, that after so many years of his life revolving around the sport, he simply didn’t know how to function without it.

In a way it was comforting, safe even. Because Jungkook knew what was expected of him everytime he stepped out onto that diamond. He knew exactly what to do to please the people around him, he knew exactly how to act to make his coach and his team and his parents proud. His own desires never mattered, because anything that took his focus off of the game was considered to be selfish and unimportant.

Jungkook never had the luxury of having something for himself, which is part of the reason why he was so wholly unprepared for the hurricane that was Boohyun coming into his life.

Boohyun was the coach’s son, a whole two years older than Jungkook, clearly fast on his way to baseball fame. He was even being scouted by the American leagues. He had wavy bleached blonde hair and a stunning smile and Jungkook thought he was in love.

He was handsome in the way that boys were handsome in dramas. Almost in an untouchable way — the way that made his heart ache and his chest feel itchy. And Boohyun knew how gorgeous he was. He loved giving Jungkook sly glances and handsome smirks and Jungkook was so enraptured with the boy’s attention that everything else began to slip to the background of his mind. Baseball, his father, his future… everything.

He’d always known he wasn’t exclusively attracted to women. It was never truly a question in his mind, but also never something he thought he’d have to face and acknowledge. But Boohyun made him want. He made him want so much.

And then Boohyun had pulled him aside in the locker room one day after practice when they were alone… he kissed him and slid down to his knees right there in the shower and Jungkook let all rationality fly out the window.

It was careless and stupid, but it was also thrilling. Being with Boohyun made Jungkook feel young, which was a ridiculous statement considering his age, but it was true all the same.

For so long practically every hour of every day had been planned and devoted to baseball, so to finally have a little something for himself, a secret lover that no one else knew about… it wasn’t just gratifying, it was intoxicating.
When Jungkook was with Boohyun, it seemed like all of the stress in his life faded away into nothing, almost as if the older boy’s lips had the power to kiss away all of the problems in his life.

It was a whirlwind romance, burning hot all throughout baseball season straight through the summer. Jungkook knew he was falling hard and fast, but he couldn’t seem to help himself. All it would take is a crooked smile on Boohyun’s lips and a few whispered dirty words in his ear to reduce Jungkook’s defenses down to nothing.

They only chanced hooking up at school that very first time; all of their other trysts had been at the older boy’s apartment. But the night after holding strong throughout three extra innings to win a grueling game against their rivals, the both of them were feeling a little untouchable, almost as if they were on top of the world and nothing could stop them.

A couple hours after the game had wrapped and everyone left the stadium behind to go indulge in a victory party on campus corner, Boohyun had dragged Jungkook back to the arena, pushing him into lockers and kissing him silly, high off of adrenaline from their win and each other.

It had been beyond reckless, but they both weren’t thinking very clearly, tipsy off of champagne with their blood running hot with the lust pumping through their veins.

“Kook-ah,” Boohyun had purred against his lips, running his hands hotly under Jungkook’s jersey, over his sweat-slick torso. “Baby. I want you. C’mon.”

Jungkook had looked into the older boy’s eyes and trusted him. He trusted him.

He let Boohyung push him down onto his knees. It was in that position that their teammate, Wonjoon, had found them.

Boohyung, to his credit, had tried to stop their teammate from sharing what he walked in on, but it was too late. He ran straight to the coach, and Jungkook’s whole world came crashing down around him.

It wasn’t getting kicked off the team that hurt the most. And it wasn’t the bruise on his cheek from when Wonjoon had tried to fight back when Jungkook had tackled him in a moment of rage later when he was being confronted. It was that Boohyun looked right into his eyes, like he’d done thousands of times before, and didn’t even flinch as he threw Jungkook under the bus.
He told his father that Jungkook had gotten him drunk and tricked him into sleeping with him. That it was the younger’s idea and Boohyun was completely innocent of everything. He claimed he was the victim when the truth was the opposite.

And in a way, Jungkook had understood, because he was trying to save his blossoming career from scandal. But in the process, Jungkook was the sacrificial lamb.

His father had disowned him on the spot, and the school had just barely decided not to expel him, instead stripping him of his scholarship and any additional financial aid they’d been providing him. In a matter of days, Jungkook is left without a family, without a team, and without any money to put himself through school.

Vulnerable and alone… that’s how Jieun found him.

Jieun worked for the athletic department at the university, and had often crossed paths with Jungkook when he was playing on the team. Right before his fall semester started, she had reached out to him, offering her condolences on his lost scholarship.

Jungkook had been desperate, because the school had said in no uncertain terms that he was to vacate his dorm before classes began if he couldn’t afford to enroll in the upcoming semester, and with no back up plan on where to go let alone on what to do now that baseball had been taken away from him, Jieun had offered him guidance and direction, something that Jungkook so desperately needed.

It wasn’t that Jungkook was simple minded or incapable of taking care of himself.

But for so long he had given the power of decision making over to other people, whether it be his coach or his parents, so to now suddenly be the person who had the final say in his future was not only overwhelming, but almost unwelcome.

Jieun had taken him out to dinner, told him that she could help him enroll in classes and figure out the tuition. Jieun was the first person who told him he didn’t need baseball to be successful. That there could be an entire life and a future that didn’t involve a baseball mitt or a uniform on his back. He had been so thankful, to have someone tell him that there was an after… that his life didn’t have to end just because baseball wasn’t in it.

But of course, everything in life comes with a price.
Jieun was in her early forties, but she was a fucking knockout. With her body and face, Jungkook would have believed it if she told him she used to be a model in her younger days. She was a widow, but more blunt people would probably call her something along the lines of a gold digger. She married someone almost three times her age when she was young, and was happily living off of her dead husband’s fortune now that he was gone.

The way she described it to Jungkook, she had more money than she knew what to do with, and that helping him out financially wouldn’t be a burden to her, but something welcome. She was sympathetic to him, told him that she herself had been the victim of cruel gossip, so she knew what it felt like to be judged and ostracized by others unfairly.

She told him that it wouldn’t be right to stress over something like money, when he should be feeling young and carefree.

Jungkook had come clean to her about the Boohyun thing, because after so long of being not only silenced but painted as a liar, he just needed someone to believe him. He needed someone to understand he wasn’t that kind of guy, that he would never take advantage of someone. No matter how badly Boohyun wanted to rewrite history, Jungkook knew that at one point they had truly cared for one another, and that’s what made the whole situation so frustrating.

Jieun was the one who told him that he wasn’t Boohyun’s first conquest on the team, which brought a whole new level of pain to an already festering wound.

But with a couple swipes of Jieun’s credit card, suddenly Jungkook was able to breathe again. He was enrolled in his classes which meant he had no danger of losing his apartment, which was his biggest concern.

He wasn’t completely naive; he knew that in return Jieun would want something from him, but he still was a bit shocked when she bluntly told Jungkook what she expected of him.

It was almost transactional. Apparently Jungkook’s body had value to someone like Jieun, and if he was willing to provide her access to it, then she would be willing to pay his bills.

Jungkook almost hadn’t believed it at first, because it seemed so far fetched. All the times he had met her back when he was on the team, she seemed almost conservative with a no nonsense air about her, and yet here she was, essentially offering to turn him into a kept man.
And Jungkook knew his bills weren’t going to be cheap; the cost of living in Seoul was no joke, not to mention the tuition and fees from his classes. He had seen the numbers before, back in high school his father made a point to show him just how expensive it would be to attend university outside of Busan. It was supposed to be a motivator, to make Jungkook realize how important the game and securing a scholarship was.

Now that he had lost it, Jungkook feels the weight of that lesson on his shoulders, more than ever.

He had thought, he had hoped, that in the aftermath that his parents would at least believe him. After all, Boohyun was the one who approached him, who instigated the hookups and kept the relationship going. Jungkook would have never dared to pursue the other boy or act on his instincts; it simply wasn’t his nature to be so bold.

But his parents, most importantly his father, had heard words like deviant and unnatural and unfit for the team, and they had given up all hope on him. He had went from their star achievement, the son they bragged about to all of their friends, to his parents completely ignoring his existence, treating his name like it was something forbidden.

Jungkook will never forget how they had both been so ashamed of him; the way they reacted to his news was almost more painful than getting his heart broken by Boohyun, because they were supposed to love him unconditionally.

Practically every person in his life cast him out, and Jungkook realized then and there that without baseball he was practically nothing.

He felt so empty and worthless, and deep down despite the fact that Boohyun had been the one to start up their relationship, Jungkook still felt responsible for the way his life had burst into flames, burning down all around him until there was practically nothing left but his pain and his sorrow.

In a time when he felt helpless, a person like Jieun seemed like nothing short of salvation.

She listened to him, actually asked him questions about the things he liked, made sure that he had a roof over his head and food on the table. And Jungkook wasn’t someone who liked feeling like a charity case; he couldn’t handle the idea of taking so much from Jieun without giving anything in return. And while he knew he was attractive, he never would have expected for a woman like Jieun to desire someone like him.

In a way, it was almost a relief the first time Jieun kissed him, because then Jungkook understood what his purpose was and what was expected of him.
Suddenly his life had direction again. He would go to his classes, study hard, and then when Jieun would call him, he would go over to her place and make sure she was satisfied. And the sex was great, he knew how to make her feel good and pleasing her made him feel happy.

And while he wasn’t sure about the moral implications of him being okay with such an arrangement, after a shitty summer full of nothing but setbacks, it was so nice to finally feel like he was moving forward and finding his peace with a future without the sport he had dedicated his younger years to.

Jieun seemed happy enough with him, calling on him to come over three or four nights a week, and checking on him even when he didn’t spend time with her in person. And since Jungkook didn’t have any friends — he lost them all when the rumors about his inappropriate behavior started to make the rounds on the team — and so it was nice to have that knowledge that at least one person was out there looking out for him…. that even if it wasn’t love, Jieun still cared about him, in her own way.

And if sometimes Jieun asked him to do things in bed that made him feel uncomfortable or a little nervous, he just sucked it up. Because she liked it, and Jieun was the one being so generous to him, and he couldn’t afford to turn her down, because then he really would lose everything.

It hadn’t been a conversation, which he much later realized was what it should have been.

Instead, Jieun had told Jungkook she was inviting him over for a little get together with a few of her closest friends. It was about halfway into the fall semester, a couple months into their arrangement.

Their relationship had been mostly vanilla up until that point… but Jungkook had expected that she would want something more from him from the way she looked at him and carried herself in bed. And he wasn’t above bending the rules a little if it meant he could stay in his dorm and finish his degree. So he went over.

What started out as a seemingly normal dinner party quickly turned into something completely unexpected. Jieun casually revealed to Jungkook that she was a submissive, and had been flirting with the idea of making him her dominant. Jungkook had no idea what that even meant, so she decided to have her friends demonstrate.

If you would have told Jungkook that he would end up sitting on a fancy leather couch and watching people spank and bite and fuck each other for hours that night, he would have laughed in your face. Even after the horrible trauma he had just endured after Boohyun’s betrayal, he still had an innocent sort of glimmer to his eyes. But after that night… a whole new world was revealed to him, and it was all at once terrifying and exhilarating.
The night ended with him fucking Jieun and trying his best to get in the headspace he had seen laid out earlier in the night.

She’d laughed at the end and told him he had a lot to learn, but he took that as meaning he wasn’t terrible at it. The idea of it all was so illicit and taboo and Jungkook was fascinated with this whole new hobby he had no idea existed before.

He fell into the lifestyle hard, almost like an obsession. A way to distract his mind from all of the horrible things he’d experienced. The dom/sub life was something shiny and new and exciting and he wanted to explore every facet of it. Jieun worked with him near constantly, trying to train him to be the perfect dom. She kept him home at first, because even though he was twenty, he was a bit too nervous to go out in public and do such things in the beginning. So she worked with him within the privacy of her apartment and brought her friends over to demonstrate dominance to him.

Jieun, Jungkook quickly discovered, was a bratty sub. She liked to make Jungkook work for it, and often used degradation as a means of riling him up and getting him to do her bidding in bed. And Jungkook worked hard, because he didn’t necessarily like being degraded or called names. It made him feel self-conscious and intimidated, but Jieun seemed to enjoy it, so he let it happen.

(Even though he knew that as the dominant, he should have the final say, but something in his mind kept preventing him from stepping up and doing something about it).

But the harder he worked, and the more he satisfied her, the more money she wired him each and every month.

It was, by no means, a bad deal. Jungkook was eager to please her… he liked giving pleasure almost more than he liked receiving it.

Six months into this arrangement, during his spring semester, Jieun announced that Jungkook wasn’t inspired enough and that she was beginning to grow restless, so she decided to take Jungkook to an actual sex club.

I think it’ll help, she texts him. You’ll get to see some doms completely in their element. You can learn from them, Jungkook.

He trusts her, which is the only reason he bites down his nerves and allows her to dress him in an all-leather outfit, from his tight black pants to his harness all the way the leather face mask that sits over his mouth and chin. He looks dangerous and sexy but somehow when he follows her into the club, he still feels small and scared.
Before leaving her apartment she poured him some of the hard stuff, a whiskey sour. He’d never had one before, and when he told her that he realized it was the wrong thing to say.

_**Are you going to be a baby about this too?**_

He never had a tolerance for alcohol; the most he ever really had was some beer or champagne at the bar to celebrate a victory after a game. And truthfully, after the shit show that was the last time he truly got drunk with Boohyun, Jungkook had been hesitant to drink.

But liquid courage is a thing, and maybe somehow the whiskey will make all of this feel less threatening, so he knocks it back. It burns on the way down and he coughs despite himself, his cheeks getting red when he sees Jieun drink hers down without even blinking.

It feels like he’s pitching in the big leagues for the very first time, and he isn’t sure if he’s ready yet. But he supposes there’s no better way to learn than to jump out of the frying pan and into the fire, so he puts on a brave face and allows Jieun to pull him further into the club.

It’s like nothing he’s ever experienced before. There’s music, but it’s low and in the background, allowing the sounds of people talking and sex to fill the air instead. The large room is very dim-lit, meaning there are very few faces he can make out at all, which makes him feel a little bit more comfortable that it’ll at least be completely anonymous.

There’s a main stage where a threesome is set up. Two men have a woman tied up upside down, her body covered in all kinds of various clamps and suction cups. Jungkook has to look away; the sight of it makes him uncomfortable despite himself.

“Look.” Jieun grabs his chin, turning his face back towards the demonstration. “**That’s** the kind of stuff we’ll be able to achieve together, once you man up a bit.”

_Man up._

Jungkook doesn’t like that statement; it reminds him of tired mornings in his bedroom, when he wanted to stay in bed instead of going out to train, or weekends when he missed his friends’ parties because his father told him he couldn’t skip out on practice.
"Man up, his father would say. *If you want to succeed, you have to sacrifice.*

The phrase didn’t escape him even after he left his home, and it was a common phrase tossed around during university on the diamond. There was nothing worse than his coach looking at him with disappointment when he didn’t pitch at his best, or his teammates making fun of him for getting emotional after a loss.

He *hated* those two words together, and he had told Jieun that, but it only seemed to amuse her.

*Don’t be such a baby, Jungkook. Don’t disappoint me.*

So he dutifully looks, even though he doesn’t at all enjoy what he sees. Eventually, Jieun pulls him up and brings him to another part of the club, still out very much in the open, but not near the main stage.

“Let’s try a scene,” she smirks, shedding herself of her long trench coat to reveal that she’s barely wearing *anything*; a thong and a strappy harness bra that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination.

She walks over and leans up against the wall where there are several cuffs hanging, looking over her shoulder at Jungkook expectantly. He walks over and takes her wrists, securing them in the cuffs, sighing to himself.

“What would you like?” he mutters, glancing around a bit awkwardly at all of the various instruments and sex toys that have been laid out neatly on various shelves and tables.

Jieun wiggles her ass a bit and pouts. “That’s not *up* to me, Jungkook-ah. We’ve been over this, remember? You *decide* what I take and how I take it, and then I’ll be a good girl for you. Isn’t that what you want?”

“Yes.” Jungkook says a bit hesitant, before he corrects himself. He knows Jieun doesn’t like it when he acts indecisive. “*Yes.* Stand in front of the wall.”

Jieun smiles, her bright red lipstick noticeable even in the dim lights. “That’s more like it.” She positions herself against the wall, holding her arms above her head. Jungkook steps closer, fastening the cuffs into place and checking the tightness the way Jieun taught him to.
Jungkook pulls down his mask, kissing her softly on the lips as he runs his hands down her arms, all the way down to her waist. “You look beautiful, noona.”

The older woman rolls her eyes. “Really? That’s what this outfit says to you?”

Jungkook bites at his lip; he knows what Jieun wants, for him to call her names, but it’s just difficult for him. It’s not her age… he thinks he’d feel the same even if Jieun were younger than him. He’s just never the type to shame someone for wanting sex, so there’s this disconnect that he’s trying so hard to break through.

“No.” Jungkook tries to amend. “It looks… it’s slutty.”

“And why is that?” She prompts him, and Jungkook looks at her in the eyes, hardening his voice because she likes it better when his tone is deeper.

“Because you’re a slut.”

“That’s right; I got all dressed up like a slut in front of all of these strangers. What are you going to do about that, Sir?”

“I’ll punish you.” Jungkook doesn’t really get this part, even though he’s seen it up close. Not just in the club but at Jieun’s apartment. A lot of people get off specifically on the pain. They want it hard and rough, in fact they beg for it.

The thing about Jungkook is that he’s strong. He might not have the biggest muscles, but he’s done nothing but train and condition his body to be in peak physical condition ever since he hit puberty. And it’s not that Jieun is a woman, but she is undoubtedly weaker than him. He could really hurt her and he would never want to cause her serious harm, but it seems like that’s what Jieun wants him to do more than anything, and it makes him so incredibly anxious.

She had told him, that first night they attempted a scene together, that breath play was one of her favorite things. But his hand is so big that he can practically wrap it around her entire neck, and it feels so fragile underneath his palm and it makes him want to panic.

Every time they do it at home he feels beyond stressed out, fucking her hard and fast so he can get it over with as soon as possible.
The idea of choking her in public makes him want to scream, and he knows if he doesn’t think of something quick that breath play is what she will suggest, and he wants to avoid that at all costs.

So he compromises.

“Turn around. Put your hands on the wall, noona.”

“I’m not noona right now.” She says with a bit of a huff. “That’s the second time you’ve made that mistake.”

He wants to apologize, but he knows that will only upset her, so he swallows it down. She doesn’t like being called by endearments or her name during a scene, mainly only slurs. She explained to him that it helped her reach the right headspace, and from what he understands, his only job as her dom is to help her reach subspace, so he adapts.

“Don’t correct me; stick your ass out and stay quiet, whore.” He watches her face, and she seems to like that, because she does as he says with a little smile playing across her lips.

“We’ll start with ten; but if you make noise, I’ll spank you harder.”

She giggles a bit, and Jungkook almost curses. *Of course,* she will make noise because she wants to push him so that he will in turn push *her* closer to the edge.

He has to work harder on being careful with his wording.

Jungkook doesn’t like to use his hand, it feels too personal, and the thought of striking a woman makes his stomach flip, so he quickly grabs a wooden paddle and sets himself up.

He’s done research on this, because he knows things like the speed and angle and placement of the hits from his paddle factor into how much pain Jieun will feel. He wants it to hurt as little as possible.

After about five smacks she holds up her hand, signaling for him to stop.
“What’s your color?”

She laughs. “You’ve barely even done anything to me, Sir. I don’t need to be checked on, I need to be dominated. I’m not going to break. Hit me harder, I know you can.”

Jungkook clenches his jaw. Her ass is already red and starting to welt in places. He doesn’t want to hit her harder. The thought of hitting her any harder makes him dizzy and nervous. He knows that subs sometimes can ask for things that aren’t good for them… that may hurt them. He doesn’t know what he’ll do if he oversteps.

“Noona, I—”

“What did you call me, Sir?” She deadpans, and Jungkook flinches.

“I… I mean…” He clears his throat. “I’m hitting you hard enough, slut. You’ll take what I give you.”

Jieun sighs heavily, clearly not believing Jungkook’s words. “Come on, Jungkook. Just… just give it to me. Actually put in some effort instead of constantly making excuses.”

Jungkook feels his eyes starting to water as he pulls the paddle back, ready to strike again. He could so easily hurt her. If he swings with even a fraction of the force he used to bat with, she could get injured. But he’s not angry with her, and he doesn’t want to punish her with actual violence, and that line is getting blurred again because she’s asking for something that feels so wrong for him to give. One of the tears in his eyes escapes and slips down his cheek, and his hands tremble in fear.

But he rears back anyway, ready to strike, when a gentle hand touches his wrist, stopping him.

Jungkook flinches and looks over, seeing a smaller man with fluffy blonde hair and beautiful eyes gazing up at him curiously, his full lips pouted a bit in worry.

“Sorry to interrupt,” the man says, his voice so soft and gentle to the point that it takes Jungkook completely off-guard, considering what he was about to do. “But is everything okay over here?”
Jungkook quickly wipes his tears away and opens his mouth to answer, but Jieun looks over her shoulder and sighs.

“Everything’s fine. We’re fine. I’m just… trying to teach him …”

The man looks between them, but his eyes linger on Jungkook. “Okay. I work here at the club, and I’m sorry to cut your scene short, but a group has rented out this space for the rest of the evening.”

Jieun sighs. “It’s probably for the best. Obviously he’s not quite ready.” She turns around so she’s facing them both, before giving Jungkook an expectant look. “Well I can’t get out of these myself, can I?”

“Right.” Jungkook moves forward, his hands slightly shaking as he tears his eyes away from the man and refocuses on Jieun. He quickly removes the shackles, and tries to check her wrists for any bruises. “Are you—”

“I’m fine. I wasn’t even bound for five minutes. You should know better than to ask questions like that.” Jieun picks up her trench coat from where Jungkook had set it to the side, wrapping it around her body to tie it into place. She steps closer to the worker, an exasperated look in her eyes. “He’s gorgeous, but he definitely isn’t a natural.” She looks back over her shoulder at Jungkook. “Come on now; we can finish this at my apartment.”

“Yes, noona.” Jungkook feels his cheeks burn hot with embarrassment now that the other boy knows how incompetent he must be.

“Actually, are you and your dom planning on returning? I know this isn’t your first time here and that you’ve been properly screened, but I can’t say the same for your dom.”

“Oh yes, of course.” Jieun smiles at him. “I know he’s got potential; the hardest ones to crack always do. Do you need something specific from him, or…?”

The blonde shrugs. “Well, I know he signed the waiver tonight before entering, but if he agrees to a more formal interview than in the future you could skip the more tedious things.”
“That would be lovely.” Jieun pulls out her long hair from underneath the collar of her jacket, looking stunning and effortlessly sexy standing there in her stilettos. “Can he do it now?”

“Well it’s not that easy of an interview.” The blonde chuckles. “But if you’d like to go grab your personal belongings, I can take him to the office and set something up.”

“That works out. Jungkook-ah, meet me in the lobby when you’re done. I’ll get us a cab.”

“Yes, noona.” Jungkook nods and watches as she walks away, her head held high and her hips swaying as if she owns the place. He sees the attention she draws, the way the other men and the women in the club look at her, lust after her, and he wonders for what must be the thousandth time why his body just can’t get with the program and give her what she wants, when it’s so apparently obvious that every dom in this club would have no issues satisfying her requests.

He wishes so desperately that he could learn to be the type of dom she needs, because he knows her patience is running thin, and he doesn’t want to find out what will happen if she gives up on him. Just like everyone else gave up on him.

Jimin has been having a miserable day.

It had started off just fine. His puppy had woken him up with kisses and they’d fucked in the shower, and then he’d made them a big breakfast. But he could sense something had been on his sub’s mind, and when he finally had gotten it out of him what was wrong, everything had gone to shit.

“He said what?” Seokjin frowns, watching as Jimin paces the length of the club. It’s before opening hours, and Jimin had just invited his hyung here because he needed to vent, and Seokjin has a very good way of listening and giving advice.
“He said… he said that since he’ll be traveling a lot more now, since his career is really taking off… he thinks I should consider getting another sub.” Jimin wraps his arms around his middle vulnerably, sliding into a chair and staring at the ground.

“He wants to break up?”

“No,” Jimin says quickly. “No… he just… he says he feels awful because… I’m me and he can’t satisfy my needs if he’s away all the time. I’m someone who needs constant contact. I need to take care of him constantly. And I guess his solution to this is to suggest such a thing… like I don’t even love him at all.” The smaller man scoffs, biting his lip in an effort not to tear up. “How could he even suggest such a thing, Seokjinnie hyung? I don’t understand… I love him so much, and he loves me…”

Seokjin immediately slips into work mode; his entire job revolves around dealing with a new crisis every other day, and figuring out the best way to do damage control.

“Give me a moment to think.” He says first, wanting to make sure he considers all sides of the argument before offering his advice. “Before you panic, let me reiterate one point. At any time during this discussion, did Taehyung say he had fallen out of love with you?”

Jimin frowns and shakes his head. “No… in fact, he said he loves me more than ever…”

“And to build on that, did he say he was unhappy with you as a dom specifically? Are you meeting his submissive needs?”

“No… he said I’m a wonderful dom. The best.” Jimin runs a nervous hand through his hair. “I just don’t understand why he would ever suggest such a thing. He’s my puppy. I love him so much… I want to be with him forever.” He feels tears sting at his eyes. “Do you think he thinks I don’t love him? That I want someone else?”

“Not at all.” Seokjin pulls Jimin over to the couch, urging him to take a seat. “The best way to deal with a problem is to take it one step at a time. And before you argue with me that there isn’t a problem, obviously there is something not clicking between you and Taehyung for him to bring up this topic in the first place.”

“But first and foremost, it seems like Taehyung made a suggestion, not an ultimatum. And from
where I’m sitting, it looks like he’s thinking about you and your needs as a dom.”

“I don’t need anyone but him,” Jimin shakes his head. “I don’t want anyone unless he is involved.”

Seokjin gives Jimin a hard look. “And yet, somehow, you always end up in bed with me and Namjoon each time Taehyung goes out of town.”

Jimin sighs. “That’s different, hyung. You’re a good sub, but you’re not my sub.”

“How is it at all different?” Seokjin shrugs his shoulders. “Of course I know that Namjoon is my dom, but the reason you’re coming over and calling us is because you need to… scratch the metaphorical itch. Sure you mess around with Namjoon, but that happens way more when Taehyung is physically present and all four of us are playing. But when he’s not, and it’s just the three of us, nearly all of your focus zeroes in on me.”

Jimin blinks. He’d never really considered it, but Seokjin is right. He frowns. “What do you think it means, then?”

“It’s not bad, Jimin. Fuck, if you want me to be blunt it’s pretty damn good to be on the receiving end of your attention. There’s a reason I keep agreeing to let you come over and dominate me, and it’s not just to delicious desserts.”

His finger rubs underneath Jimin’s chin, trying to make him loosen up a bit and laugh. “I just… I don’t want you to view this as if there’s something wrong with you.”

“Of course there’s nothing wrong with Minnie!” A cheery voice says, and they both look up to see their friend.

“Hobi hyung!” Jimin pulls the brunette down to the couch with him, wrapping his arms around him. “I’m absolutely miserable, so unless you’re here to join the pity party, no judging.”

Hoseok looks to Seokjin for an explanation and Jimin huffs. “You can tell him. Tell him all about how my puppy doesn’t want to be my one and only.”

“He’s being dramatic, which is par the course for him.” Seokjin runs a hand through his bleached blonde hair. “Taehyung suggested that maybe Jimin should take on another sub.”
“Really? It’s about damn time.” Hoseok looks at Jimin’s shocked face. “What? He’s been kinda hinting at it, but I told him he’d have to be blunt if he actually wanted you to consider it. I’m glad he finally said something.”

“So Hobi hyung knew my puppy was unhappy and I had no idea? This is officially so much worse than I ever imagined. I have the right to be dramatic now.”

“It’s not a bad thing!” Hoseok argues.

“Taehyung just knows that you have a lot of attention and love to give, and he wants you to be happy. He’s just trying to figure out how to make that work with his new contract with Elite. I know my focus is primarily in music, but trust me, he’s about to skyrocket if he’s getting bookings under that agency. He’s going to be flying all over the world for photoshoots and runways, and as someone with a shitty work schedule and hardly enough hours in the day, I get where he’s coming from.”

Jimin frowns and sighs, running a hand through his hair. “I guess it’s just hard because... I’ve never seen anyone who affects me the way Tae does. He’s my everything. But even if I found some fuck buddy at the club, it would make me feel terribly guilty.”

“Okay, let me stop you right there, because from what you’ve told me Taehyung never mentioned anything about you finding a new fuck buddy. He said you should consider taking on another sub.” Seokjin points out, and the other dom nods.

“He’s right, Minnie. And you should know better than anyone that not every dom/sub relationship is sexual. Even if you just take on a platonic sub, it could be enough to help take off the edge.”

“A platonic sub...” Jimin can’t help but chuckle, wiping down his cheeks. “Seems a little... unfulfilling to me. You both are fully aware of the strength of my sex drive.”

Seokjin shrugs. “Platonic relationships can be just as meaningful.”

“But I agree; in your case, domming and sexuality go hand in hand. You would need to find someone who not only you, but Taehyung could feel comfortable with in that aspect.”

“Look, I’m not pretending it isn’t a tricky situation. It might take some work to meet the right person who is not only compatible with you both, but willing to come into an already existing relationship,
but it isn’t impossible.” Hoseok pats his friend on the back. “You’re an amazing dom, Minnie. Tae knows that and he loves you so much; that’s why he’s pushing for this. He’s ambitious, and he knows if he works hard now that his career can really take off, but he doesn’t want it to be at the expense of his relationship with you. You shouldn’t feel nervous, you should feel happy that he considers your dynamic to be just as important as his career goals.”

Jimin sighs. Deep down, he’s nothing but a romantic. He wants to spend forever with Tae. Hell, he’s been planning on sweeping him away to a more accepting part of the world someday in the not so distant future and getting that love put to very official paper. He knows he probably overreacted, but the thought of the love of his life wanting to spread their love any thinner… it made him panic. But his friends are right; it was likely an act of selflessness. He needs to give his boyfriend more credit.

“I’ll talk to him after work tonight. He was really upset that I was upset… now I feel bad for misunderstanding him.” Jimin runs a hand through his hair.

He wants to text Taehyung right now, but he knows that words are even more misunderstood when they aren’t said face-to-face, so he needs to wait. It’s just one measly shift at the club, then he can go home and work all of this out.

Eventually, Seokjin and Hoseok have to leave. Hoseok is putting on a shibari show at the club later that night and needs to go and get some specific supplies, and Seokjin is ducking out early in lieu of a date night with Namjoon. So, Jimin is left to stew and feel guilty in his own devices, making sure the club is in top form before doors open.

He finds himself rather busy all night, fluttering from table to table, room to room, providing service and answering questions. It serves as a good distraction.

That is, until something catches his ear as he’s hurrying to the bar to fetch a glass of water for someone.

*I’m not noona right now. That’s the second time you’ve made that mistake.*

The tone of voice isn’t playful or fun, it’s serious and almost mocking. While some people are into that, Jimin looks over and sees a younger boy with a completely struck expression. He looks down, ashamed, before squaring his shoulders. It makes an alarm go off inside of Jimin’s head. Working at the club, he’s developed almost a sixth sense for noticing when people aren’t having a good time.
Part of his job is to keep a keen eye on the scenes happening throughout the club, and he’s made a habit of watching over newer attendees more closely. Some people in the past have been annoyed by his hovering, but in Jimin’s eyes, it’s better safe than sorry.

There’s clear tension in the dom’s body, and not in a good way. He can’t walk away in good conscience so he intervenes. He comes up with an excuse on a whim to get the boy alone so he can talk to him. Just because a pair shows up together to the club doesn’t mean they should leave together, and it’s clear to him that whatever is really going on inside of the boy’s head won’t be revealed to him while the woman is in their presence.

Jimin is a smooth talker and he knows how to be charming, so it’s easy to talk his way into getting the dom into his office, where he hopes he will be able to get through to him.

The boy follows him without much fuss, his eyes staring down at the ground as they wind their way through the bodies down a more secluded hallway where Jimin’s tiny office is.

He opens up the door for the other boy. “Please, come on in. I promise this won’t be too long.”

The boy has a frown fixed onto his face and he refuses to make eye contact… two things that Jimin takes very careful note of. If he were having any sort of a good time, it’s possible he would have snapped out of it by now. But instead, he’s quiet and timid and it hurts Jimin’s heart.

“What’s your name?” he asks softly, pulling out a chair for him before sliding into his own.

The boy clears his throat awkwardly. “It’s Jeon Jungkook. And… in case the reason you brought me back here is to figure it out… I’m over eighteen. I’m not a minor. I can show you my ID and everything… it isn’t fake.”

“Of course it isn’t.” Jimin smiles. “We check all of that at the door, you wouldn’t have been able to enter if we were suspicious.”

“Right.” Jungkook nods, nervously shuffling on his feet. “So I need like… an interview or something?”

Jimin shrugs his shoulders. “You don’t have to think of it so formally. Typically, if you are planning on becoming a more permanent fixture at the club, we can do a background check and put you on
our list of VIPs. To our more exclusive clientele we offer discounts on things like our private rooms and toys.”

The younger boy still looks unsure. “I think… well, I’m sure that noona will want to come back here again. So whatever I can do to make that possible would be good.”

Jimin leans back in his chair, crossing his legs, his eyes, bright with his blue contacts, never once leaving the younger’s. “And what about you? Do you like the club? Have you had a positive experience?”

“Yes. It’s a very nice place. I don’t have any complaints.” Jungkook says, overly nice. He still looks tense, and Jimin motions to the chair in front of him.

“Please, have a seat Jungkook-ah. And forgive my lack of manners, my name is Christian.”

“Christian? Really?” Jungkook blinks, before righting himself. “Sorry… that was rude. I just was expecting something more—”

“Korean?” Jimin laughs. “It’s not my real name, but it’s what I go by here while I’m working. A lot of doms use nicknames or titles during a scene.”

Jungkook wrings his hands in front of his waist. “Oh… I’m sorry, I didn’t know.”

“It’s okay. It’s up to you whether or not you use your real name.” Jimin considers the boy, making a split second decision. “Mine is Jimin, and it’s a pleasure to meet you.” He reaches across his desk, holding out his hand.

Jungkook takes it tentatively, shaking his head. “Nice to meet you, Jimin-ssi.”

_That_ makes Jimin shift in his seat a little. Something about the way Jungkook says _Jimin-ssi_ makes him a little hot under the collar. Not that Jungkook knows that’s his _special_ dom title for his puppy, but it still riles him up a bit, all the same.

He feels the younger’s eyes on him, considering him. Tonight he’s wearing his typical get up, which
is practically nothing at all. One of Taehyung’s oversized button ups, light yellow silk that’s hanging off of one of his shoulders, along with a tight pair of black boxer briefs. It’s cinched in at the waist by a black leather harness, showing off his lithe frame.

Jungkook’s pupils dilate, and he unconsciously licks his lips. Jimin feels a bit smug, because he knows that look, and he’s aware that the younger boy likes what he sees. He releases his grip on Jungkook’s hand and leans back in his chair, crossing his legs.

Jungkook tears his eyes away from Jimin’s long legs, looking back into his bright eyes. “You’re… you’re a dom?”

Jimin smiles warmly. “Yes. I know I might not have the… physique that you might be used to when it comes to a dom, but it’s what I am! My puppy, anyway, says I’m the best dom in the world, so I consider myself to be a pretty good one, at that.”

“Puppy?” Jungkook blinks curiously.

“My sub,” Jimin supplies. “And my boyfriend. Love of my life… all that jazz.”

“Ah,” the younger boy bites at his lower lip. “I’m… happy for you.”

“Well thanks. But anyway… dom to dom,” he glances at Jungkook curiously, “I’m wondering if you have any questions for me? I’m very experienced in this lifestyle… it’s basically my entire world. I’m happy to answer anything you’re curious about or anything you may be struggling with.” He tries to keep his tone light and gentle… inviting.

It seems to have the opposite effect, the boy’s expression immediately falling. “Is it that obvious that I’m inexperienced? Is that why you approached us?”

Jimin sighs. He was worried his question would have this affect. “No, not inexperience, per say. I’ll be honest with you, Jungkook… I could sense you were uncomfortable. It’s my job to make sure that everyone is enjoying themselves and having a good time at my club. You looked upset… so I wanted to pull you aside and make sure everything was okay.”

Jungkook bristles. “I’m fine. I was handling it.”
“Hey, I’m sure you were,” Jimin holds up his hands in surrender. “I’m just making sure… it’s especially important for me to check in with younger patrons. You understand that, right?”

“I get that, but just because I’m young doesn’t mean I can’t do it.”

“I never said you couldn’t.” Jimin says placatingly.

Jungkook sighs. “Sorry. I know I’m being a bit defensive. It’s just… it’s just been a long day.”

“It’s important to know not just your sub’s limits, but your own.”

Jungkook nods. “I get that. But all of this —” He motions to the club. “It’s not too much. Right now it’s just new. But I can work hard and I can figure out how to please noona. I just… I just need a little time. No one becomes a good dom overnight.”

“Can I be honest with you?” Jimin asks, leaning forward a bit.

Jungkook hesitates a bit, but nods, steeling himself for what he might hear.

”There are… certain phrases you keep saying that have me worried. About ‘pleasing noona’ and ‘I can figure it out’. That’s not the right mindframe to have about sex, Jungkook. It’s one thing to want to please… but wanting to please someone should make you happy. You just look nervous and upset. I’m sorry if I’m being blunt. We are strangers. But it’s very often I see people brought to the club and persuaded to submit… it’s rare I see it happen the other way around.”

“Is this an interview? Because it’s starting to sound surprisingly close to a lecture.” Jungkook stands from his seat. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting to take care of someone else, and putting their needs first. And I think it’s pretty natural for someone to be a bit overwhelmed their first time they come to a sex club.”

“It’s not really fair of you to make assumptions about me or my relationship with noona off of a few minutes. If you don’t think I’m a good fit for this club, I’d rather you just be upfront about it.”
“Never said that,” Jimin says calmly, not rising to the bait. “You can get angry at me, but I want you to do some reflection if you ever decide you’d like to try coming here again. Think on whether or not it’s what you really want. Think on what your needs are.”

Jimin can tell by the look in the younger boy’s eyes that his defenses are up, and it makes him sad. But Jungkook seems to steady himself, keeping his tone polite and courteous.

“Thank you for the advice. I should get going; I don’t want to keep noona waiting too long.” He turns to leave and Jimin jumps up from his seat.

“Wait!” He grabs one of the business cards from his desk; it’s for his online shop, but he turns it over to the back, scrambling down his digits. “This is my personal number. You’re right; no one becomes the perfect dom overnight. But a good mentor can make a whole world of difference. If you’re new to the scene and you need a safe place where you can ask questions and get advice, then I could be that for you.”

Jungkook takes the card, a puzzled expression on his face. “Why would you do that for me?”

“This isn’t just a hobby for me; this world… this lifestyle, it’s how I make my living. It’s what makes me happy. And I’ve seen too many people walk into the club with high hopes, and walk right back out because they get turned off in a bad way. You seem like a really nice guy, Jungkook-ah, and I don’t want to see that happen to you.”

He points at the card in Jungkook’s hand. “Anytime you need… you can call me.” He pauses, choosing his words carefully as he comes around the desk to stand in front of the taller boy. “It’s normal to be confused, Jungkook-ah. I know the first time I walked inside of those front doors I was overwhelmed. There’s so many things in this world to explore, and it can be really, really daunting trying to figure out where to start.”

“I’ve done plenty of scenes before. I’ve been to private parties, and I’ve done my research.”

“That’s wonderful.” Jimin says honestly. “But there is a learning curve. I know I sure as hell had one, and if it wasn’t for my mentor Mina, I would’ve been so lost. But she gave me direction, helped me figure out what worked for me as a dom, and what didn’t. Being able to talk through that process with another dom was just beneficial towards my sub’s pleasure, but to my own as well.” He looks up at Jungkook. “I could be that for you… if you wanted. A good friend… someone you can trust to help you navigate the complicated thing that is BDSM… it can make the world of difference.”
Jungkook looks at him a bit suspiciously, clearly the mark of someone who has trust issues — someone who has had mentors and heroes that have hurt him in the past, and sighs, deflating a bit. He looks down at the card and nods. “I…okay. Thank you, Jimin-ssi. I… I have to go.”

“Have a good rest of your night.” Jimin smiles sweetly, showing him out. He watches the boy walk to the elevator to join the older woman with a curious expression. He doesn’t know why, but the feeling he gets deep down inside of him when he looks at Taehyung; a need to protect. A need to soothe and cherish.

He sighs, making his way back out into the club. He knows he’ll be distracted for the rest of the night by a pair of sweet, bunny-like eyes.

The rest of the shift goes by in a blur, and by the time he’s able to jump in the back of a cab to head back home he’s anxious to see his puppy. There’s this weight on his heart that he can’t seem to shake, and he knows it’s because of the nagging feeling that he shouldn’t have let Jungkook go so easily.

Jimin is surprised when he walks into his apartment and finds Taehyung sitting on the couch, a glass of wine in hand as he watches mindless TV. The younger immediately shuts it off when he hears his dom walk in, and there’s a cautious look in his eyes that Jimin knows is there because of the conversation they had earlier.

The blonde immediately rushes over, gathering up Taehyung in his arms. “I’m sorry I was such an idiot today, puppy. I missed you like crazy.”

“I missed you too.” Taehyung confesses, burying his face in Jimin’s neck. The smaller man fits easily in his lap, and he loves to hold him close. “I’m sorry I dropped such a bomb on you earlier. I could have been a bit more tactful.”

Jimin shakes his head. “You were being honest with me, and instead of hearing you out about your concerns, my mind jumped to the worst possible conclusion.” He wraps his arms around Taehyung’s broad shoulders. “I know you love me. I do. I just… I panicked a little bit and I went into defense mode. That wasn’t a good dom move, and it was an even worse boyfriend one.”

“I definitely should have phrased it better. I thought about it all day… you definitely could have misunderstood that I was trying to break up with you or something.” Taehyung tears up at even the thought. “I would never… I love you, Jimin-ssi.”
“And I love you, puppy. And you’re so sweet for thinking about me and my needs… so, so sweet.”

“I just want you to be happy. I don’t want you to want for anything, ever, even if I’m halfway around the world.”

Jimin rests his forehead against Taehyung’s. “I see that now. I talked it over a little with Seokjin and Hoseok before my shift… they knocked a bit of sense into me.”

Taehyung smiles. “You really sent out an S.O.S, huh?”

“I did!” Jimin pouts cutely. “For a second there I really thought my puppy wanted to leave me. You know if that ever happened I would be completely devastated.”

“I might be travelling a lot, but that doesn’t mean I’m leaving here.” Taehyung places his hand on Jimin’s heart. “I know you know how badly I want this career but… nothing, nothing is worth losing you over. And I just— I fear that if I’m always gone that you won’t be happy.”

“But I’d never forget about you, baby. Ever.”

“I know you wouldn’t. But my success can’t come at the cost of your happiness. That’s not the kind of submissive or boyfriend that I want to be. Neither of us should have to sacrifice, especially when there are so many options out there for us.”

“You’re too good.” Jimin presses kisses all over his face, nuzzling him, which he knows comforts his puppy. “So, so good. I love you so much.” He strokes his hand through Taehyung’s hair. “And… I’ve decided to consider. I won’t guarantee that I’ll find someone… but I’ll keep an open mind. But I do have conditions.”

Taehyung shifts back on the couch, turning Jimin in his lap so he’s fully facing him. “Okay. I’m listening.”

“We have to do this together. Every single step of the way. No secrets and no more hiding your feelings. It hurt me to know that you’ve been struggling with this idea and shouldering the burden alone. Finding out that you confided in Hoseok hyung instead of me stung, puppy.”
Taehyung’s big eyes look guilty. “I’m sorry… I just… I didn’t know how to bring it up.”

Jimin shrugs. “Obviously, your reservations were rooted in reality. I’ll own up to my part of it; I know I didn’t take the news well initially. But now I’m here and I’m with you, and I know we can figure this out if we do it together.”

“I agree. I love you.” Taehyung leans in for a kiss that Jimin gives easily. “So tell me what’s on your mind.”

“If I were to consider taking on another sub, they would have to have chemistry with you. I’m not interested in having any sort of contact with another sub that doesn’t involve you. I don’t want it to be a thing where I go to them when you’re out of town only. They have to be open to playing with you, and they have to respect you as my puppy.”

Taehyung smiles, boxy and bright. “I like that, Jimin-ssi. I want… I want you to be happy playing with both of us.”

He kisses Jimin’s lips. “I’m here for you with this. Every step of the way.” He pulls Jimin closer, nuzzling into his neck with his nose.

“It’s no secret that I like seeing you with other subs… but this… I don’t know why, it just feels different. I don’t think it could be casual… do you?”

Taehyung considers it. “I… I don’t think so. I think they would have to be willing to enter a contract with you.”

“Exclusively?” Jimin presses him, watching Taehyung’s face carefully for his answer. “You wouldn’t be bothered by the idea of me considering another sub to be mine? Be honest puppy, please. I couldn’t stand it if you felt threatened or less important.”

“I think…” Taehyung pauses, wanting to phrase it perfectly so Jimin has no room to misunderstand him. “I feel like… we have a lot of love in our relationship. So much love. And I love our love. But I think we could fit someone else into that love, if they were the right person. And it’s not that you’re not enough! Or that you think I’m not enough! I just… I think it could be good. For us.” He looks down. “Please don’t take it the wrong way…”
Jimin blinks. “Let me make sure I’m understanding. You’re saying… you’d be open to bringing another person not just into our dom/sub contract, but our romantic relationship?”

Taehyung flushes. “I think… I think we could. I’m not saying… that we have to. Or that it’s what’s best. I’m just saying… we could.”

Jimin nods slowly, trying to stay calm. “Have you… have you met someone? You can tell me…”

Taehyung gets wide eyed and shakes his head. “No! No. I haven’t met anyone. I promise. It’s just… I know that if someone enters a contract with you… if someone plays with us exclusively… I just know us. I know what will happen.”

Jimin looks into Taehyung’s eyes. “Am I enough for you?”

“Yes, baby. Yes. If the two of us spent the rest of our lives together, I know I’d be happiest man in the world. I’m not saying that we have to get romantically involved with another person. I just… I know you, Jimin-ssi. What makes you such a good dom is how much you care for your subs. I know what it feels like to be your sub, I know what it feels like to have all of that attention and love and pampering, and it’s wonderful. I’m just saying that I’m a bit doubtful that you could be completely emotionally unattached if you were to enter into an exclusive contract with another sub, and I want you to be aware that I won’t hold that fact against you.”

Jimin knows that Taehyung is right; it’s part of the reason why he doesn’t dom with people casually. He likes building a connection, getting to know a sub on a deeper level so he can really give them what they want.

The most recent example is Seokjin; even though there weren’t any romantic feelings involved, Jimin knew that doing shared scenes with Namjoon’s sub had only increased his fondness for the older boy and strengthened their connection. It wasn’t a stretch to assume his heart and his mind would react to a new sub in a similar way, especially if they clicked well with his puppy.

“You have such a big heart, Jimin-ssi.” Taehyung kisses him. “You’re so warm and caring and just… you’re amazing. You’re absolutely amazing.”

“Tae…”
“I mean it. I’m so lucky to be loved by you. I’m confident that another person won’t ruin what we have, because I know how strong our bond is.” Taehyung shrugs.

“Maybe… maybe that’s why I can say this. Because I know that even if you did meet a new person that you felt could be a good fit, it wouldn’t change the love you already have for me. I know you’re not going to lose interest or forget about me. That’s not even a worry in my mind. You’re the most loyal, loving person I know. You make me endlessly happy, even when we are apart. And while I do love being your puppy, my need for submission isn’t as great as your need for dominance. I know you’re trying to say you can go without it for long periods of time, but I don’t want you to. We can find someone who will satisfy both of our needs. And try to remember, we don’t have to do this all at once. The goal isn’t to find a new boyfriend.”

“We’re just looking for a compatible submissive. And if, and remember this is a big if, the both of us feel a romantic connection with them, then we can discuss taking that step. Together.”

Jimin cups Taehyung’s face with both of his hands, looking into his eyes deeply. He doesn’t find any vulnerability or nervousness, just love.

“I love you,” Jimin whispers emotionally, capturing Taehyung’s lips in a deep kiss.

He doesn’t know how he ever got so lucky finding a life partner like Taehyung, but somehow, he did. And he wouldn’t give him up for the world.

Even if maybe, just maybe, there are changes in store for them in the future.

Jungkook is quiet on the drive home. His mind is filled with the image of the pretty dom with the far too knowing eyes, who read all of his deepest thoughts like he was an open book.
His noona leans into him in the back of the cab, and he dutifully wraps an arm around her shoulders. He suddenly feels so tired, on a bone deep level. The closer they get to her apartment the more stressed he feels, because he knows his night is far from being over.

He’s proven right when Jieun kisses him the moment they get the front door unlocked, pushing him inside and jumping into his arms. She’s easy to hold because she weighs practically nothing, and Jungkook kisses her back without making much fuss.

The last thing in the world he wants to do right now is pick up their scene from the club where they left off, so he improvises, knowing that if her can distract her than maybe he’ll be able to steer the evening the way he wants.

“Want you so bad, noona.” It’s a not that big of a lie, so he tries not to let himself feel bad about it as he pushes her back against the nearest wall. He knows Jieun likes it when he shows off his strength, so he holds her up easily as he continues to kiss her. “Don’t want to wait.”

“Take me right here, Jungkook-ah.” She demands, already pulling her underwear to the side.

So he does, hard and fast because that’s what she begs for, and when it’s over he carries her back to bedroom and tries to at least hold her close.

“Noona, can I—”

She shrugs his embrace off, rolling away from him on top of the mattress. “Don’t get all sappy on me now, Jungkook-ah.” She pushes her sweaty hair back, and sprawls out on the bed. “I’m too tired to pretend to have the patience.”

Jungkook opens his mouth to ask her if he can stay the night, but she shuts it down before he can even get the question out.

“Go clean yourself up.” She grabs her phone and looks up at him. “Do you want me to send the money to your bank for the cab or do you want cash?”

Jungkook bites his lip; it’s stupid that this part hurts him so much, and he should be used to it by
now, but it still feels like a dagger to his insides every single time he’s reminded exactly what his purpose is and what he’s good for.

“Whatever you’d like, noona.”

“Whatever I’d like.” She mocks him with a chuckle, shaking her head. “I swear, men these days, or maybe I should say boys.”

That stings too, because it’s not like he can change his age. She knew how old he was when she meet him, but now it’s occasionally used against him.

“Somehow I doubt that’s the last time I’ll hear that statement from you.” She taps her fingers on her phone screen, her long nails creating a sound that feels almost deafening in the stillness in the room. “There. It’s done. Make sure you lock the door on your way out.”

Jungkook takes that for the dismissal that it is, changing out of his dom gear in the guest bathroom and back into his regular clothes. He looks at himself in the bathroom mirror, and stubbornly refuses to acknowledge the tears. They won’t change anything anyway, and it’s just another reminder of how weak he is. He’s lucky enough to be chosen as a lover for a beautiful woman, and he cries about it? It’s beyond shameful. In fact, it’s downright embarrassing. No wonder his noona is so annoyed by him, he’s annoyed with himself.

He’s a few miles away from his apartment, and instead of getting a cab he decides to walk home, needing a bit of alone time to consider why he feels like he’s slowly but surely losing control of everything all over again.

It isn’t until he’s laying down in his bed to sleep that he lets himself think of Jimin. He wonders if the other dom thinks of him to be as pathetic as he knows himself to be.

He wonders if the concern and the gentleness was all just an act… if the other boy was laughing at him on the inside, seeing him for the fraud that he is.

Is it normal? To feel this lost, this alone, this shitty after a scene? Because it’s all Jungkook knows, and he doesn’t understand why his head just can’t get in the zone.

He wishes he could ask Jimin if there’s a way to fix this, fix himself, so he can finally be the dom
that Jieun needs.

His fingers play with the business card in his hand, turning it over just like the thoughts in his head, his mind reaching its limit and his desperation levels at an all time high.

Maybe a mentor was what he was lacking. Maybe he was failing his noona because she was a submissive, and he didn’t have a proper example of what he was supposed to do. Maybe if he could see Jimin in his element, he could learn and he could be a good dom too.

Maybe Jimin was the answer to finally making things right with Jieun.

It’s stupid, because it’s late and he knows that Jimin isn’t going to answer, but he still texts him anyway. He fears that if he doesn’t do this now, that he might never build up the courage to do so again.

JK: Hi. This is Jungkook, from the club. Can we talk?

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